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WORLD'S NEWS DAILY

SPORTS

REILLY TRAINING FOR BOUT WITH M'FADDEN

Pete Baron Has Reilly in Charge and Veteran Trainer Puts Fighter Through New Training Stunts.

The Reilly-McFadden go, is now so well assured that one of the boys has started in to train. Reilly has put himself under the direction of Pete Baron, the famous trainer. Pete is a great example of the prophet having honor everywhere save in his own country, but the lad from the Coast knows a good one when he sees him, and young Reilly has made a very wise choice in electing to train under the good old veteran at the Healan Boat Club.

The first work-out was no easy fun for the little scrapper. Pete put him through a short course of sprouts that would make the average athlete call "pau," and even Reilly found some of the stunts hard on his unused muscles.

By 3 o'clock Reilly had changed to training costume, which consisted of trunks and light shoes. First of all he took the skipping rope, and danced a monotonous tum-tum on the boards for about ten minutes. When he got through with the rope the perspiration was rolling freely and the hard exercise had brought a brightness to the eyes of the skipper.

Pete gave him about two minutes' rest and then called him over to a corner of the boathouse where the stairs lead to the loft. "Up," he said, "and then down as quickly as you can and keep it up till I tell you to stop."

So Reilly ran up the stairs and then down again, slowly at first, but with more and more speed as his trainer urged him on.

After the stair stunt, Reilly was told to lie on his back with his feet under the bilge of a boat. Then he raised his body to a perpendicular position ten times and looked as though he hoped that was all. But Pete called him out on the floor and put him through a course of exercise for the stomach muscles that made the patient gasp.

After the floor work, Reilly had a short rest, and then the pillows were produced, and, one of the sparring partners, Arthur Bouquet, appeared. Arthur weighs about 145 pounds, and is a very lively boxer; he has all the signs of a clever welterweight, and has a punch hidden in both arms.

The two boxed three rounds of two minutes each, and only the softness of the gloves kept the claret confined in the venous bottle. Young Bouquet used his straight, long left to good advantage and held Reilly off for some time, but the latter showed his cleverness by ducking round the long arm and landing some good ones on the body and face.

Trying out with a lad that outweighed him by at least ten pounds, Reilly showed very good class. There is no doubt that he is really clever and can duck and clear with great precision. He has a very awkward lead with his left, a kind of overthrow, but it seems to be effective, and, being his natural style of leading, may prove to be a good opener for his right.

Being the first try-out, Reilly did not work very hard nor let himself go. But he loosened up once or twice from a crouch and battered the bigger lad back to the entrance of the boathouse.

Judging by the three rounds of sparring, Reilly has a certain amount of class and signs of more class to come. He crooks his left elbow outward in a way that would invite a cleverer man to break his arm, and he leads with his left as though he were chopping hay, but he is so naturally quick that he lands.

All this lad needs is a little stern rebuking and coaching in the great science of leading for a fizzle and slaming with the right, and he will certainly get that same coaching from one Pete Baron.

Pete held the watch in one hand and, to use a Madame Malapropism, watched his ward with the other. He missed no point of the sparring and kept tab on every blow. After the bout he gave no advice or remonstrance, but told him man to take a short, sharp swim and then get a nice, quiet sun-dry.

There was no bag work and no shadow boxing. Reilly has quite a little ballast amidstships that must be unshipped before he does fancy work, and Pete's method is ideal for doing that same thing.

After the work-out Reilly said: "Say that boss of mine knows his business all right. I never had that kind of work before, but I can see where it is going to give me strength in my stomach muscles, just where I need it."

water as possible, as he believes in the touch of Mother Ocean to give a man's skin hardness and cleanliness to the pores of the skin.

Both lads are taking the coming bout very seriously, as it means much to both of them. If Reilly makes good here, he expects to stay and earn a reputation, while McFadden has enough of a reputation to protect.

The weight question has not yet been settled, but there is little doubt that this will be easily arranged, as both lads are anxious for the scrap and feel confident that they can best the other fellow.

Pete has a set of scales at the boathouse, and his lad will be weighed after each afternoon's work-out for the benefit of the fans. Reilly states that he can make any weight in his class very easily here, as he finds that he perspires very much more readily than when working on the Coast.

There was quite a crowd of interested spectators at the work-out yesterday, and those who witnessed it expressed their opinions that Reilly will turn into a classy fighter if he learns how to uncover the punch and lead more directly with his left. McFadden is known as a borer and a great in-fighter, and Reilly will have to learn how to jab straight with his left if he is to land the dreamy punch on the other Irishman.

A MESSAGE FROM AUSTRALIA.

Messrs. Williamson & Co., Jundah, Queensland, writes: "Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy enjoys a great reputation in these parts. It has effected some really remarkable cures, and there is scarcely a home without a bottle." For sale by Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for H. I.

SPORT SPLUTTERS.

Diamond, Ring, Track, Field, Wave.

The American athletes have been doing things over in the British Isles. No football team from the United States has ever visited the old country and the time is right for such a visit. A clever Rugby team can go over there, make money and do things to the county and international teams. Why not have that team go from the Hawaiian Islands? Think this over, some of you sportsmen, and see what it would mean. The Islands would be proclaimed all over the world as famous. Can't be done? Eh? That is where you make a great mistake. Fifteen such athletes as can be got together in Honolulu can learn the game in three months and, with determination and team loyalty, can cross the line of any Rugby team in the world. Look to the Coast for confirmation. Last Autumn in Los Angeles, a team of crack athletes was got together to play Stanford University. They had just one week in which to learn the game. Seven of the players had played before, the other eight knew nothing of it. Stanford knew the game well and the team was in excellent condition and practise. For one week the Los Angeles team, self-styled the "Castaways" practised at night in a gymnasium.

When the time for the game to start arrived the Stanford team marched on to the field, dressed alike in their college football jerseys, a typical team. The Castaways struggled on and looked like a rabble. There were all kinds of suits from baseball trousers and running shirts to sawed-off knee pants and multi-colored sweaters. It seemed as though the game was going to be a big laugh but the laugh was very nearly the other way. Each of those Castaways was an athlete. They had all played some game in the open air and were past masters in their own line. When the whistle blew the Castaways started off with a tremendous rush. They had no team work and passed the ball wildly but were so quick that the Stanford boys could gain little advantage. Then Pat Higgins, the famous Australian international took the ball, dodged round the other backs and scored first for the Castaways. Stanford scored three times after that and kicked every goal but towards the end of the game the rabble team found itself and twice in ten minutes dribbled the ball over the Stanford line. At the finish of the game the collegians were all to pieces and the Los Angeles men just finding that they could play together. The athletic material is here and all that is needed is a couple of months of hard practise and coaching, then we would

have a team that could go to England or Australia and do things. "Tour of the Hawaiian Rugby Team?" Eh? What?

Eddie Hanlon, the old young man, has made a spasmodic effort to leap back into the lively light of the Cooper-Hewitt lamps. He went up against one Johnny Murphy and was given a draw. The fight boosters of the San Francisco press, those sporting writers properly yeelp "Subsidized Press Agents" have made a roar over the decision and claim that Eddie should have had the best of it. But, from this distance, where we have time to think things over and ponder on a man's record, we can see that Eddie must have been very lucky to even get a draw. At the age of twenty-three, Hanlon is an old man. He has done crooked work and he has followed the purple lane too much.

Hanlon broke into the game when he was sixteen years old and he made good from the start. But vaulting ambition did too much for him and he trained too long and too often. Then he made a hit with the fight fans of the Coast and grew from a classy featherweight to a lightweight champion possibility. He beat one or two of the good ones and then he fell for the usual handshakes of the San Francisco Harpies. Corks flew in the air, the music played, the autos buzzed on furious joy rides, the women petted and pandered to him and Eddie was a king for a few months. Then the golden glamor of wine bubbles drifted away leaving the drowsy fog of a ruined constitution. Hanlon looks, talks and acts like a man of twice his age. He can no more butt back into the game successfully than Methusalem, Fitzsimmons.

The following communication is very much to the point:

Sporting Editor Advertiser, Dear Sir: What is a baseball game without peanuts? Is it not the inalienable right of every good fan to root from the bleachers and crack peanuts in between roots? Why then can we not get real peanuts at the ball grounds? Small boys carry bags of what they call peanuts and sell them. There is a very small quid pro quo, however, and the diminutive nuts contained in those bags would be scorned by the greediest elephant in a bush league circus. There are plenty of real peanuts to be obtained on the island, why then, cannot we have them at the ball games? Please answer this question if you can. Respectfully yours, Fan."

We would answer willingly Oh Fan if we could do so. But the Delphic ears of the oracle are closed, the sad-eyed Sphinx answers not our cry for information and the people who sell the peanuts know not where they are at. "Why?" you ask and, good Fan, echo answers "Why?"

PLAYERS FOR MAUI CHOSEN

Five Doubles Are Selected to Play in the Tennis Tournament.

Polo is not the only sport to figure in the big meeting at Puunene, Maui, next week. The knights of the racket will be there with the clean flannels and the husky forearms to turn and twist the ball over the net and "Make the giddy umpire watch the dust above the line."

This is the second annual event of its kind and will be brought off once a year in the future. The Baldwin have put up a fine trophy for tennis as well as polo and the visitors from Honolulu are determined to repeat their success of last year and come back with the tennis cup once again.

It is not known yet how many players will be aboard the Mikahala when she leaves Honolulu but it is expected that there will be more than those who have already signified their intention of going.

The tennis games are played in gentlemen's doubles, eighteen games for each team. After all the games are played the number of games won by each team are added together and the aggregate result decides whether the cup comes to Honolulu again or stays in Maui.

The players to represent Honolulu have already been selected and some of the cleverest racket-wielders on the island will be there to keep the Maui players on the love level. J. P. Cooke and John Waterhouse, D. W. Anderson and C. G. Bockus, Capt. E. H. Humphrey and Harold Castle, W. P. Roth and S. M. Ballou and F. E. Steere and R. D. Mead are the doubles who will play in the tournament.

The Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar company is the Deus Machinarius of the meeting and the Baldwin have made every arrangement for the entertainment and convenience of visitors. The Mauna Kea will arrive at McGregor's landing Tuesday afternoon and they have made arrangements for automobiles to meet visitors there who come on the early steamer.

The Inter-Island Steamship company has made a round trip fare of \$10 for this event and tickets will be good for return on the Mikahala or the Claudine. The latter vessel is scheduled to leave Kahului before sunset but special arrangements have been made to hold her over until eleven o'clock so that those who wish to take part in or witness the tennis tournament and attend the dance in the evening and yet get back to Honolulu the following morning, may do so.

After the tennis on Wednesday there will be a dance in the big barn at Puunene and the music will be provided by ten players specially brought from Honolulu for this occasion.

Thursday will be given up to polo when the Oahu and Maui teams will play for the inter-island championship. The Maui players are in very good shape to win a hard game but the Honolulu boys have selected a grand team and there is a very good possibility that both the tennis and polo cups will come to Honolulu for the ensuing year.

A half holiday has been declared on the plantations surrounding Puunene for Thursday so that all the employees may attend the polo games and join in the general good times. The people of Maui are deeply interested in the teams that represent them and there will be a large crowd to watch the island champions battle for supremacy.

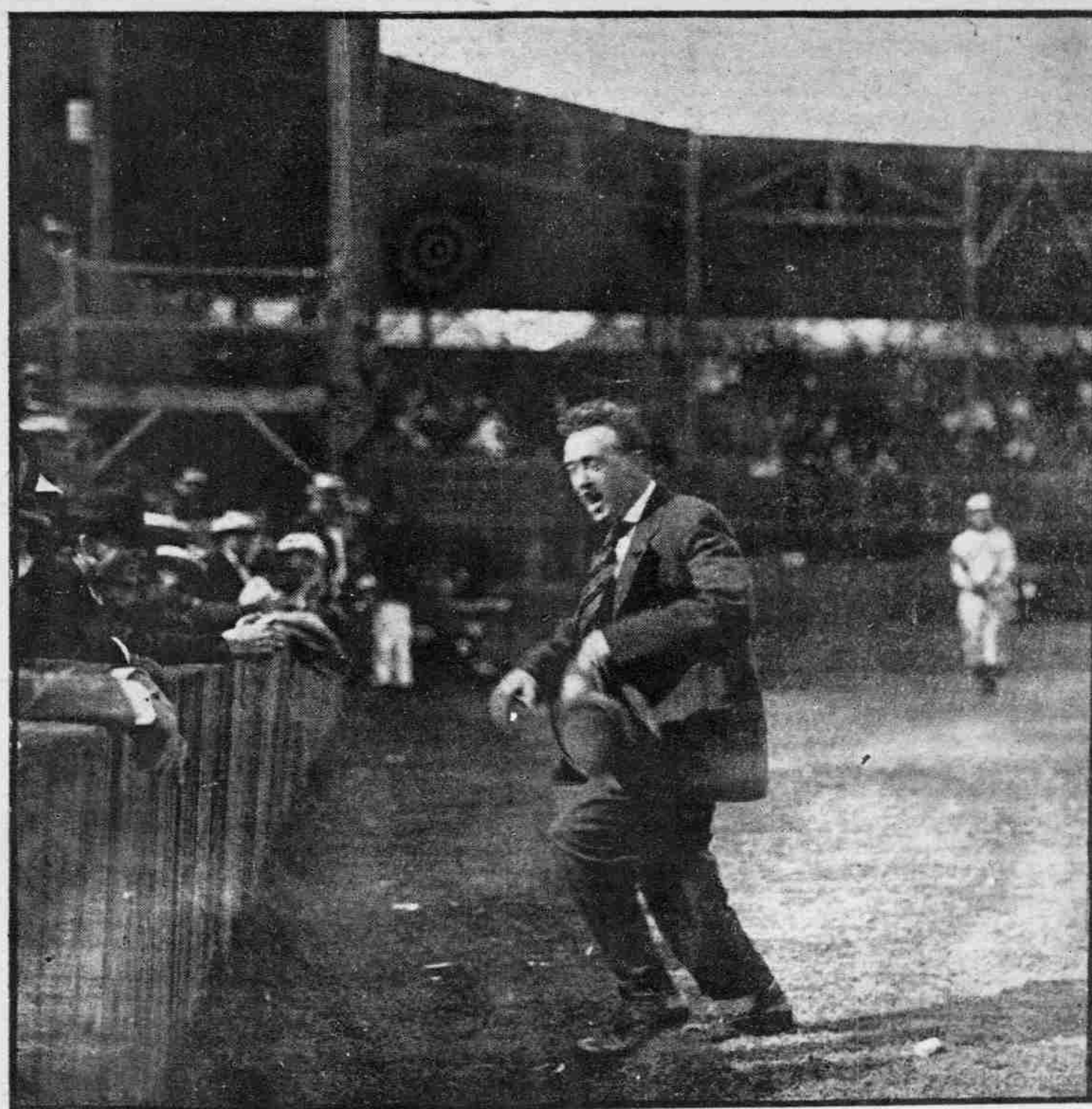
DRAGGED DOWN BY DESPAIR

Hundreds of Others in the Same Plight.

Mrs. John H. Cole, of 22 Arlington street, South Framingham, Mass., was for years a martyr to kidney trouble, but at last found a cure. In Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. She writes: "I suffered greatly with periodic headache, terrible bearing-down pains and a whole train of minor symptoms. My back was always weak and the kidneys terribly disordered. I could not rest at night and in the morning would get up feeling ill, tired, and discouraged, and without the least ambition to go about my household duties. If I sat down I felt as though I never wanted to get up again; I grew thin and haggard and developed deep circles beneath my eyes. My appetite grew less and less as the days went by until at last I did not eat enough to keep a child alive."

"During all this time I was doctoring and dosing myself with first one remedy and then another until my stomach fairly rebelled. I called in a doctor but soon saw he did not understand my case. Well, you may believe I was in despair for I had come to that state where I did not care what happened, when a friend told me what a fine remedy and cure for kidney disease Doan's Backache Kidney Pills were. I bought a box and before I had taken all of it I felt much better, my back felt stronger and I rested much easier at night and was not troubled with nightmares and fits of wakefulness as formerly. After that first box was gone I bought another and still another, each one helping me and making me stronger and better, until I had taken twelve boxes. By that time not a vestige of my old trouble remained and it is the greatest pleasure to my life to say that Doan's Backache Kidney Pills saved me from an early breakdown."

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, or mailed on receipt of price by the Hollister Drug Co., Ltd., Honolulu, who are agents for the Hawaiian Islands.



JACK DOYLE—THE KING OF ROOTERS.

—Advertiser Photo.

ROOTER JACK

The bleachers seem quite empty
When Jack Doyle is not there,
For we note a something lacking
And a stillness in the air.
But, when Jack goes out on duty,
Then the game is never dull,
For we hear his voice arising
When the other rooters lull.

He knows every man by nick-name,
And he hands it to them straight,
Hear that voice, in calling errors,
It's as sure as certain fate.
But we love to hear him rooting,
And we say, when we get back,
"Say, the game would be a dead one
If it weren't for good old Jack."